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# The Messenger of St. Joseph for The Homeless Boys of Philadelphia.



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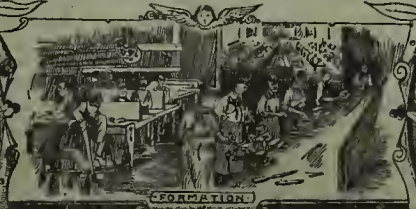
GOOD BYE

"AMEN I SAY UNTO YOU, AS LONG AS YOU DID IT TO ONE OF THESE MY LEAST BRETHREN, YOU DID IT UNTO ME."

*We commend most earnestly  
to the charity of the faithful  
this much needed institution  
for our homeless boys.  
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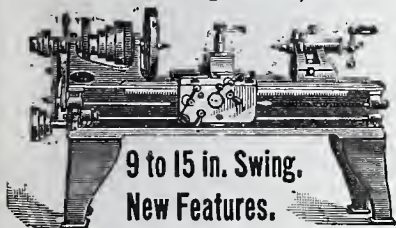
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# THE MESSENGER OF SAINT JOSEPH

FOR THE HOMELESS BOYS OF PHILADELPHIA  
PATRON AND PROTECTOR OF THE UNIVERSAL CHURCH

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JANUARY, 1901

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*We commend most earnestly to  
the charity of the faithful this  
much needed institution for  
homeless boys.  
Cathedral, Jan 1, 1901  
Bishop of Phila.*

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DEAR FRIEND OF THE HOMELESS BOY :

If the jubilee year has been full of spiritual blessings for all the Catholic world, it has been rich in material blessings as well for St. Joseph's House.

In accordance with the expressed hope of being able to largely remove the debts that have hung over our work since its very inception, we are happy to inform our many friends who have done so much for us in the past, that we have been successful in lifting our heavy financial burden. Their charity has achieved the beneficent and joyful result of enabling us to free the institution from its old indebtedness amounting to \$30,000, as well as to enlarge the premises and extend the sphere of our usefulness, as the details in our "Messenger" will show.

Our gratitude is deep, and deservedly so, towards those who have during long years given us the means of aiding our poor boys, sheltering them from moral destruction and finally sending them out into the world well equipped for the battle of life. Surely we may hope that the consoling results achieved in the past will encourage our friends to continue the good work in the future.

We appeal then for an enduring remembrance, that there may be no falling off in their zeal, assuring with confidence those who help us that the prayers of the orphaned and the friendless will win for them blessings a hundred fold in return for the charitable self-sacrifice manifested towards our forsaken children.

Yours in the cause of the Homeless Boy,  
D. J. FITZGIBBON, C.S.Sp.

ST. JOSEPH'S HOUSE AT THE  
BEGINNING OF 1890



ST. JOSEPH'S HOUSE AT THE END OF 1900.



THE BOYS WHO MADE THEIR FIRST HOLY COMMUNION, JUNE, 1900.



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## GIVE, WHILE YOU MAY.

You have cattle and corn and wine,  
You have shekels and golden tents,  
From a Heaven-dewed soil, from your brothers' toil,  
You look for the growth of your rents.

That varying fortune's jolt  
Should leave your estate secure,  
You count a sign of God's design  
To pillar you off from the poor.

But His poor, mistake not, He trusts  
To you—if you steward His wealth,  
For He wants you to spend the surplus He'll lend,  
On them, on their life and health.

If you give not, where is the truth  
In naming your Faith from Him?  
The threats of His word are first incurred  
Where Charity's lamp is dim.

So give, while you may ; for the gifts  
Believingly given, remain ;  
Other grasp on gold is a dying hold :  
You have but you cannot retain.

## OUR PATRON.



WHEN holy Church celebrates the glories of St. Joseph, she connects him very explicitly with the Joseph of the Old Testament. She says of one, what was written of the other. Of course, she knows that the earlier patriarch is a figure of the later—though, in certain points, he also pre-figured our Lord. Indeed, many things found in Holy Scripture concerning Joseph the son of Jacob, are of admirably just application to Joseph the spouse of Mary. If people “knew very well that the Lord was with him” of the household of Potiphar, how much better might they not know it of him of Bethlehem and Nazareth? If the favored steward could say, in an earthly sense; “Behold, my master hath delivered all things to me,” how far more truly should not similar words be used by the head of the Holy Family? The king meant much when he said to the first Joseph: “Thou shalt be over my house;” but it was little in comparison with what the Angel implied when he said to the second: “Take the Child and His Mother.”

To be “governor over the whole land of Egypt” was to occupy an elevated position among men; to be one of the two of whom it is revealed that “He was subject to them,” is to be raised above the heaven of heavens.

Startlingly close are we brought to New Testament realities, when the figurative Joseph says that God had made him *as it were a father* to the king. 'Tis of our Joseph that the Blessed Virgin said to the Boy in the Temple: “Thy father and I have sought Thee;” and the Holy Ghost says later that “Jesus Himself was beginning about the age of thirty years, being (as it was supposed) the son of Joseph.”

These parallels are not necessary to our understanding of St. Joseph's extraordinary dignity. They, however, help us to realize both his place with our Lord and his relation to us. The saint of Egypt was a providence of God for the Hebrew people; so is the saint of Nazareth for the Christian Church. “God sent me before that you may be preserved upon the earth, and may have food to

live," can be affirmed by both patriarchs, though in the higher sense, by him whose mission was the more spiritual. For if through the ministry of the wise governor "there was bread in all the land of Egypt," when famine prevailed everywhere else, so in the guardianship of the loving Foster-father, was raised and preserved the True Bread of Heaven, the Bread that was to be given for the life of the world.

The two Bernards, in their praises of our saint, make characteristically devout reference to his stewardship of the Life-giving Food of our souls.

A practical effect of our realizing St. Joseph's place in the scheme of redemption should appear in our constant recourse to his intercession. There is evident intent in the Scripture's being made to report that the King's one answer to those in need was—"Go to Joseph." God can, of course, give us all we want without any creature's intervention; but Revelation proves that there have been at all times, ordained channels of His mercy. St. Joseph is a principal one. To draw near him was early known to the devout, as a sure way of approaching his spouse and her Son; and the action of the Church, under the guidance of the Holy Spirit, in recently declaring him her universal Patron, is a reminder to all the faithful of the value of his protection.

There is an assemblage of prerogatives and qualities in St. Joseph which give him a peculiar fitness to be the patron of every class and every individual. In his earthly circumstances and his heavenly power, all Christians may find something to think on and lean on. With some categories he, certainly, has special relations. He may be particularly claimed by men, who are situated somewhat as he was, by workingmen, heads of poor families. Still stronger is the claim of poor boys, who, in their dangers or destitution, may remind him of the Boy of Egypt and Nazareth. Nevertheless, he is for all the people. Formerly he watched over the family of God: the whole family is now, too, his charge.

When he is recognized as a general Patron, he will also be generally imitated. He is the *just man* by excellence, a model for all his brethren. He is the shining exemplar for souls who would come simply and blamelessly in contact with the sanctities of God. No doubt his vocation was unique and incomparable; but he was prepared for it by the perfection of common virtues—of virtues proposed to the imitation of all classes.

The Office of the Church sums up his saintliness in beautiful

words originally applied to Moses, when it says that God, having chosen him out of all flesh, "made him holy in his faith and meekness." Faith and meekness form a combination that gives Christian character true nobility; and, though the main constituents of St. Joseph's towering holiness, they may well be exemplified in the life of any practical Catholic.

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## THE POOR SOULS.

**I**N the ecclesiastical regulations for the Holy Year, there may be noticed a point which strikingly indicates the Church's bearing toward those whom the faithful affectionately call the *Poor Souls*. Ordinary indulgences are for the time withdrawn; the privilege of being able to gain them is suspended, that undividedly eager efforts may be made to gain the largely sufficient indulgence of the Jubilee.

But an exception is made: the indulgences in form of suffrage for our brethren in Purgatory may still be gained.

### NO DELAY OR DEPRIVATION

for the *Poor Souls* is at all in the Church's thought or wish. She knows their great need, and willingly listens to their ceaseless calling for help. She wants no interruption or slacking of our efforts in behalf of such countless and most pitiable sufferers.

Heedlessness or indifference to the sad state of these souls is utterly uncatholic. Indeed, it is not adequately human.

### A SACRED FEELING ABOUT THE DEPARTED

is almost as old and as widespread, as the human family. The readiness to do everything, even what was most onerous, for their possibly better repose, has been characteristic of all the best divisions of the race. And this beautiful trait of tenderness for the dead was often retained by men who had otherwise grown harsh and savage. To be willing to take one's own rest while those gone into the shadow-land might be ill at ease, was formerly regarded as debasing impiety. Affectionate pagans could not rest: their dead had first to be provided for. The external rites that concerned funerals, and tombs, and urns and offerings, were originally an expression of the wish to give needed relief and repose; or they were a vaguely con-

ceived means to the accomplishment of that desired end. Of the same longing there may be discovered a trace in the

MODERN CARE OF GRAVES AND CEMETERIES,

though Christians have other sufficient reasons for respecting the ashes of their dead. They, too, should best understand how much the departed may need relief and release.

The souls in Purgatory are poor to an unspeakable degree; they feel unimaginable anguish; they are absolutely incapable of helping themselves. Aid for them is, therefore, pressingly urgent. The greater and the nearer is their infinite wealth, the more painful is their present indigence. All the tendency of their being is now to God; but they cannot yet reach Him, and

PROLONGED EXILE IS EXCRUCIATING

torment. They are homeless in a sense in which the term could not be used even of the most unsheltered of this world; and no home is theirs any more till His glory gathers them up. Hunger gnaws them, devours them—with the eternal banquet spread near at hand! And nothing is of the least use till they are made clean enough to go sit down at God's table and drink of the torrent of His delights. How dark and destitute must meantime appear their penitential prison! Yet they can leave it only when the multiplied indebtedness of their tainted earthly lives is paid to the very last farthing.

We can pay for them, and do it easily.

SMALL EFFORTS PUT FORTH IN CHARITY

count for much with the Judge of the living and the dead. St. Peter's "charity covereth a multitude of sins" has more meanings than one. Our charity can cover up, can blot out forever—by supplying the demanded satisfaction—the consequences of sin in our deceased friends. And we can help them immediately. The Communion of Saints is quicker and more far-reaching in its operations than the world's electric systems.

There certainly are grandeurs in material progress. Some splendid tokens of social development can now be attested, when wire or cable gives notice of want or catastrophe on a distant part of the globe. The generous hurry their contributions together and flash away the instant message: get food, get clothes, get housing, get what you most want, on our order and at our expense.

Speedier and more abundant should our assistance be to the great suffering world of the *Poor Souls*.

THEIR IMPLORING MESSAGES REACH US

incessantly. Most practices of piety bring them to our attention; and the Church's pathetically reiterated demand that they *rest in peace*, is a constant challenge to our compassion. As often as our pity is excited by visible human misery, we should recall the fearfulness of that woe which is unpitied only because it is unseen. And when by relieving here, we can relieve also in Purgatory, then is our

CHARITY MOST FRUITFULLY DOUBLED.

The Catholic Church, in her adaptability to our duties and better dispositions, frequently makes practicable this two-fold beneficence. Alms-giving is often a means, sometimes a condition, of gaining indulgences for the suffering souls as well as for ourselves. To give for the two objects at once, and with a magnanimity equal to the wants of our necessitous fellow-creatures, is true Christian economy. The rewards are laid up and need not be counted, though glints of their richness may brighten even the present path of the benefactor.

---

COMPASSION FOR THE ABANDONED.



MOTHER'S compassion is endlessly beautiful. In brave unselfishness it looks calmly at suffering and at sin, considering rather the remedy than the repulsiveness or the malice. Where strong sense, even the father's sense, might see but reasons for harshness and repression, the motherly instinct finds motives for pitying and soothing. The saving goodness of the mother particularly displays itself in discovering good where it is most hidden, and in seizing on that good as the seed of happy restoration. As she

RESPECTS ENOUGH TO LOVE,

she can raise up. She hopes, too, where despair might seem logical, but would be deadly; and her tactful tenderness works marvels of cure and conversion.

Natural goodness is almost necessarily dear to a mother—for her office is to give being; hence her finest sympathy is for faultless

suffering, for unmerited misery, for wretchedness not caused by one's own culpability. See her ways with the sick, or crippled, or maimed child! See her with the hungry who cannot help themselves! Humanity is glorified in her benign resourcefulness.

Now all this mother's excellence is given by God; and as He gives it, He has it: it is in Himself. Of course, as far as it is purely good, it must be in Him to an infinite degree. He is

AS COMPASSIONATE AS HE IS MERCIFUL.

Yet to forget or overlook this fact has always been a misery of the miserable. Wretchedness often hardens, though it should rather soften; for it brings God's creatures, with geometric infallibility, within the sphere of what may be called the divine soft-heartedness. To want in the sight of the *Father of the Poor* is to be pitied: both Testaments give this message a prominently privileged place.

One magnificent providence of God has to be interpreted as a most graciously abiding revelation of His mercy. Taking a mother and

GIVING HER TO MEN AS A MOTHER,

is the deepest as well as the openest manifestation of His character. He deigned to compare Himself, incidentally, to a mother in His treatment of His chosen people; but the human-divine maternity is the realized figure of His constant bearing toward the children of men. He chose to be Mary's Son, and He commands her to hold us as her sons. There is established an infinitely tender identity of interests, with a mother in the central relation. In Heaven's dealings with us it can never now be forgotten that she who bore God corporally, bears us spiritually.

Moreover, the Blessed Trinity made Our Lady great enough to foster, as well as to represent, the whole human race. When the Saints say that God made a reservoir of His mercy, and called it Mary, they are but trying to express the

UNIVERSAL INEXHAUSTIBleness OF HER APPOINTED PITY.

'Tis her place to compassionate, and she is fit to do it. There is not an unhappy wayfarer who may not find what he really wants in the *Comfort of the Afflicted*, the *Health of the Sick*, the *Refuge of Sinners*. To determine asylums for the destitute and the imperilled was one of God's kindnesses from of old. Now the sufficient asylum for all times and persons is in the efficacious affectionateness of His Mother's heart.

The most helpless children are the fondest care of an earthly mother: they also hold their exceptional place with Our Lady. Devotion to her has been in the founding and working of the Christian Protectories of the world. Her spirit, like her Son's, would draw the little ones close and shield them from scandal. Needing a mother's care most, they have first claim on it. There is manifestly a peculiar propriety in

UNPROTECTED, UNPARENTED BOYS

being cherished by her whose own Boy was outwardly so defenceless and, temporarily, so homeless. It is possible neither to describe nor to imagine the watchful ardor of her zeal in succoring abandoned tenderlings. She knows what *tempering the wind to the shorn lamb* meant; and that, she is aware, is mediately her special work in the fold of the Good Shepherd. Being the *Mother of Mercy*, she cannot help being merciful: to show compassion is

PART OF HER MATERNAL BEATITUDE.

Another fitness of her protective office to homeless boys, may be seen in her unexampled purity. They are in imminent danger of contamination, and she is the perfection of created spotlessness: the help which they need should pass through her hands. Even the immoral, blaspheming soldier feels, when wounded or infirm, that he had best be nursed by a stainless Spouse of the Lord. Similarly, but much more, the young who are most exposed to corruption, can find

THEIR COMPLETELY SAFE REFUGE

only in the Immaculate Heart of God's own Mother. The compassion which their abandonment renders desirable is pre-eminently her compassion; for that is what will keep them or make them pure enough to let her Son's strength build on their weakness.

---

A WARNING.

During the past two years several imposters have been going around representing that they were sent by the Rev. Director of St. Joseph's House for the purpose of receiving the money collected by those who held our Association books.

We distinctly warn our Solicitors that no person is ever authorized to take from them the funds they may have secured for our poor boys, and they are earnestly requested to have any such pretended agent arrested at once.

## WHAT WE ARE DOING.



FOR the first time in the history of our home we find ourselves hopeful of meeting the circumstances which have a claim upon us. From the beginning it has been a hard struggle to do what was commanded by the cause of the homeless children of our great city, but our friends have constantly and nobly helped us, and their unfailing charity and self-denial have at last reaped their reward, for now they can rejoice in having made St. Joseph's House one of the best of the many institutions that the church has established to provide for her neglected, friendless children.

The debts that accumulate around a worthy charity often sap much of its strength and hinder its growth and effectiveness, for part of its funds have to be diverted from many a deserving object, which perforce must wait for a future and more fortunate day, much as it goes against the heart's inclination to turn a deaf ear to misery.

So it has been with St. Joseph's House. Commenced as it was, without any funds, diocesan or otherwise, and depending entirely for its support upon voluntary contributions, it had many a severe struggle to meet the calls made upon it in the interest of the homeless boys. But in God's own good time all has come right. He alone moved hearts to give and care for His little ones. His loving providence has been strikingly manifested in the charity shown towards St. Joseph's House.

At present we are enabled to pay off the entire debt remaining from the purchase of the properties, 727-733 Pine Street inclusive, and that from contributions received during these years from good friends of the homeless boys outside the arch-diocese of Philadelphia. The funds contributed in the arch-diocese have been only sufficient for the running expenses of the institution.

This burden being lifted, gives the Home new life and vigor, together with the ability of carrying its activity into broader fields, so that a great deal can now be done toward rounding off the work for the homeless boys.

Large as were our quarters they were not compact or spacious enough to enable us to provide for all the deserving calls made upon us, and the need of enlarging our premises was daily felt. Therefore

during this Fall we purchased the property at Eighth and Pine Streets, consisting of two large dwelling houses and three stores in the rear. The purchase money and the cost of altering and fitting up these new buildings will represent the entire indebtedness of the institution at the opening of the new century.

This new acquisition gives us a quadrangle of real estate valued at over \$100,000, with a frontage on Pine Street of 110 feet, extending back on Eighth Street as far as De Lancey Street.

What their generous and timely assistance has brought about we do not need to repeat for the Catholics of Philadelphia. With this result of ten years' work before their eyes, their hearts can appreciate also the other blessings their hands have showered on many who knew no home nor peace nor grace of life until they found it under St. Joseph's tutelage.

We trust that those who have not as yet seen the institution and inspected its methods or the outcome of its workings, will do so at an early date.

*The Home is at all times open* to visitors, and they will be most cordially welcomed; while we are confident the visit will be a source of pleasure and consolation to them. They will then fully realize that in its present compact condition St. Joseph's House, possessing as it does such a fine plant, will be able with the help and sympathy of its friends to become the model of all Homes for poor working boys.

Here our friends can at all times behold the cheering sight of happy boyish faces, the ringing light-hearted laugh and the entire freedom from the sad and lowering influences that attend the lot of the friendless and neglected—a sight that must truly give them joy, as it does the Divine Heart of Him to whom childhood in its innocence and dependence comes most near.

Will He forget those who remember His little ones? We know He cannot, and it is with the fullest confidence in His mercy and generosity that we may say to ourselves that such charity as that which shelters from sin and wretchedness those who stand on the brink of evil will have a most abundant reward both here and hereafter.

With this consoling assurance the friends of St. Joseph's House can joyfully consider the success they have brought to the institution as a harbinger of mercy for themselves and a sure source of salvation as well as of worldly advancement to the many poor little lads who for long years to come will find a refuge and protection in our House for Homeless Boys.

### Conditions of Admission to St. Joseph's House.

I. No boy will be admitted who is not really destitute or homeless. A letter to that effect from the pastor of the parish in which he is known, or some reliable person, is absolutely necessary.

II. No boy who has shown himself criminally inclined will be admitted to the institution.

III. No guardian or relative, if any there be, may interfere with the institution in its education of the boy surrendered to its care.

IV. No relative can remove an inmate from the institution, except it be certified by a clergyman or some other reliable person that a suitable home will be provided for the boy.

---

### A SMALL BOY'S BIG AFFAIRS.



E'LL go back by Delaware Avenue," *Rags* snap-pishly asserted to his companions. He was the smallest of the four boys, but he had the battered hardness of the pavement, and by tooth and nail would have his way. As his coat and pants were usually large coarse ones, they rubbed and tore on every spike and stone, hence his nickname.

It was a June Saturday afternoon. The barefooted urchins had strayed up along the Delaware as far as Port Richmond. They had been in the river, and had sent skimmers over its smoother surfaces. They had pelted dogs and tried to pass jokes on working people, venturing even to snatch fruit and vegetables from trucks and truck farms. Now they had enough of it and wanted to return.

Two of the boys moved off with *Rags*; Jim Cotton was his friend, and *Snipey* was afraid of him. Ned Slavin wouldn't go; he remained sitting on the grass and gloomily tore dock-leaves to pieces, to see what their fibres were like. The day was nearly spent, and he was dissatisfied with it; perhaps, too, with himself, and certainly with his fellow-idlers. They were crossing to Delaware Avenue to get back straight to the heart of the city. As they receded they hurled reproaches at him, of which one, at least, struck and smarted.

"Go by the tracks till *Swankey* gets you," *Rags* viciously squeaked.

Whether the threat or something else moved Ned, he was soon on his feet, trudging up from the river bank toward the railroad.

Coal cars were constantly being hauled there, and the boy knew how to steal a ride. But he grew more sadly out of humor. His vagrant day had not fulfilled its promises, for he had had to quarrel with the meaner acts of his comrades; and now the going home—if so, he would style it—was overcast with dark possibilities. 'Twas an ugly world, he vaguely thought, and ugly were as many as he could recall of his thirteen orphaned years. No matter he had to be a man and catch up with that train.

The slow freight was no match for Neddy; he ran, made a reckless jump, and scrambled into an empty wagon. He should be in fair trim now, and escape a drubbing or the harsh rebukes which he felt almost as much. *Swankey*—whom he never called anything but *Uncle Bill*—would hardly be around yet.

Near the railroad wharves he sneaked off; and, cutting into Front Street, was quickly, by an alley that slants to Christian, at the door of Hal Stook's grocery store. That was the boy's abode, and he slipped in by the dining-room side entrance, with some trepidation.

Hal and the *Missis* were busy with customers, and *the man* was toiling with barrels and boxes.

"There's the Kid, now," the fellow said, vindictively; and Mrs. Stooks began:

"Ned Slavin, I—but wait."

She continued to lay places, taking time only to mutter: "At confession, I suppose?"

In excitement and perhaps some weakness, the boy exclaimed, "No, I wasn't!"

"Well, at worse, I think," Hal interposed, "and that's enough."

The *Missis* compressed her lips, for there were "respectable" people present. She had, however, to say:

"Get on your shoes, you barefooted beggar, and take out your orders, or I'll—oh, I will!" and she frowned menaces.

Without delay Ned was in and out with baskets and hampers. They were numerous and heavy Saturday evening, as Hal's place was obliging—wholesale as well as retail.

The boy's standing in the establishment was peculiar. *Swankey* a market and wharf porter—who worked day or night indifferently, and lay either at Hal's or at the police station—had brought him there as a child, and now he was found occasionally useful as a messenger, and permanently advantageous as a kind of anchor to the homeless, drinking uncle. His treatment, considering the circumstances, might not be considered bad. Hal left him mostly to the

*Missis*, and she, harsher in word than in act, had a woman's unwillingness to strike a dead woman's child. But *Swankey* was brutal and had to be adroitly avoided. 'Twas well for Ned that he didn't find the big uncle in before him that afternoon; later the man would probably be helpless or easy to baffle.

The loft over the barn was Ned's dormitory. Bill had first claim on the apartment, but he less and less often returned in the mood or state to climb so high. His nephew was the gainer, for the poor boy found the place a refuge and a haven of dreamless repose.

This Saturday night he was undisturbed, except by his thoughts. Sunday was the day to meet his sister, to go to Mass with her in the morning, and to talk and walk with her in the afternoon. That meeting was the pleasure of the week, and yet he was sometimes slightly uncomfortable about it. 'Twas not that the *Sis* would at all be troublesome. She, certainly, tried to make him speak correct English and look a decent boy; but he had sense enough to appreciate such services thankfully. When, however, he was conscious of being more than usually unlike her, he felt shy of her eyes, for he always imagined she could see whether he was turning ill or well—and, indeed, he concealed nothing serious from her.

She was only three years his senior, but misery and the care of him made her much older in mind and manner. She served as nurse girl in the neighborhood, working constantly and from farther back than Ned could remember.

On this Sunday morning she failed, for the first time in months, to meet him at church. His anxiety was sharp, but he counted on finding her that afternoon toward Washington Square, with the children she minded. When the time came he saw the children in charge of another. Then the chill of foreboding ran through him. Watching where they went home, he boldly rang and asked for Peeny.

"Peeny! who's Peeny?" was the brief reply.

"My sister Peeny, that worked here," Ned gruffly rejoined.

"Oh, the Slavin girl? . . . As she got too weak to do her work she was sent last Wednesday to the hospital for consumptives, she's not to return here.

Ned Slavin had borne hard knocks, but this blow was stunning, and the sense of desolation that followed was coldly bitter. The poor boy sat on the curbstone and pretended, even to himself to be poking something out of the gutter, while his tears ran down hotly and abundantly.

In his perplexity he arose and mechanically turned toward the place of worship where Peeny had often led him on many a Sunday morning—St. Joseph's old church in Willing's Alley.

He passed through Locust Street into Fourth, and just at the corner of Willing's Alley he encountered one of the priests of St. Joseph's. An idea struck him, that this was the man to solve his difficulty. "Father," he said, accosting him, "Where is the Catholic hospital for a girl with the consumption?"

"My boy, there is none at present," said the Father, "but I trust there soon will be. Why do you ask?"

"Father, they've taken my sister, Peeny, to the Catholic hospital. She's sick with the consumptions. She gives all her savings to them kind of places and to churches, so I'm sure they must have taken her there."

"Your sister is a poor girl, I suppose, and has consumption."

"Yes, Father," replied the boy, sadly.

"Then my poor boy," said the priest, laying his hand kindly on the lad's head, "they must have taken her to the Almshouse."

It was about the hour when he would be looked for at Stooks's, but he couldn't think of that. He knew the Almshouse lay west, not more than two miles off, so he could easily find it. He did and was admitted. 'Twas Sunday, but he was the first and only visitor for Peeny Slavin.

She was in a consumptive ward, and when he saw her as white as her little bed, he could only throw himself on his knees and bury his wet face and his sobs in the clothes. Peeny was looking most happy, actually radiant as he approached, but she let him weep, for she knew him. She merely smoothed his poll with her thin hands and, from habit, fingered the lie of his collar and his jacket. When he was quiet, she had many cheery things to tell him, and some eager questions to ask. She was having such a grand rest, and every one was so kind to her! But how was he doing?

Later on she remarked, "You don't forget, Ned, that it was this time last year you made your First Communion?"

"I know," the boy answered, with something like shamefacedness.

"And I always thought," Peeny continued, "that it was this month mother died."

"You don't remember," her brother said evasively, 'twould be too bad to be quite sure of the time of so irreparable a loss.

A GROUP OF OUR ATHLETES, 1900.



But what is he puzzlin' about? the—the—."

Sunday and Hal's sombre aspect shut off some epithets.

Dashing away an odd refractory tear and crushing down many rising sobs, poor Ned made known how things stood with Peeny.

"Oh, well," the *Missis* responded, "'tis just what the weak thing wanted, and she should be left quiet there."

She was always strangely against Ned's sister, jealously resenting her influence with him and her efforts to keep him practically Catholic.

"Now," the woman continued, blandly, "you'll be let alone about a lot o' things—about Confession and all the rest."

"Hm! . . . The worst thing that could happen him," sentimentally observed Mr. Stooks.

In the emptiness of his Sabbath, it pleased Hal to be slightly morose, and, on occasion, sanctimoniously reproachful. He blamed the *Missis* for making him less of a church-goer than he professed to have been in his early days. He accepted and even welcomed the title of *Gloriady*, acquired from some peculiar local conventicle to which he had used to resort. The *Missis* sneered at the designation and at all that it might imply.

"You'll have your opinions, sir," she now sedately replied; "but may be 't isn't much you know about it."

"I know, ma'am," insisted Hal, "that their sort won't do at all without that *confess*; but let 'em have it, and they're gilt edge, the best o' the best."

"Good as *Gloriady*," Mrs. Stooks observed, in a tone expressive of both contempt and remonstrance; but she settled back resignedly when she heard her liege lord begin.

"My mother—" That *my mother* was, at times of discussion, a common prelude to unpleasant comparisons. This afternoon, however, to compare explicitly was not Hal's intention.

"My mother," he said, "would take no help into the house—neither *Gloriady* girl nor any other—as long as she could get a Romanist girl that confessed."

"Of course," the *Missis* assented, in aggrieved sarcasm.

"Yes, ma'am," Hal argumentatively added, "my mother said that she never had to mind girls of that description; conscience and that *confess* minded 'em well enough."

The turn things had taken saved Ned some present trouble, while increasing his later difficulties. Mrs. Stooks was stiffened in her determination to break this boy—whom she might yet adopt as

she had none of her own—of his *Peeny* habits, confession first and most. Her opposition to that religious practice grew so bitterly unreasoning that she had recourse to extraordinary means of hindering it. Hal being disinclined to help, she called in the aid of *Swankey*. His nephew, she told him, would be but a sop—as bad as the Poor-house starveling, whom he had never cared to see—unless the crawl-thumping folly was stopped. Why couldn't the boy grow up like his uncle?

Bill winced a little, but nevertheless, calling Ned, made a grab at his ear and began to swear that he had to do as the landlady told him.

"I will when—when I can," the nephew tremblingly answered. He did not venture to say, "When its right."

Mrs. Stooks knew on reflection, what the boy meant. She therefore kept Ned very busy on Saturday. Knowing it was the day on which the obnoxious Confession was likely to come up, she watched him, trying at the same time to be particularly kind, and seeming unable to do without her little help and errand boy.

Ned intended to go; he felt some need of it, and he moreover wished to give *Peeny* the great pleasure next day of hearing that he had been at the Altar. He expected to slip in at the Sacred Heart or St. Teresa's one moment or other of the evening, but not a chance was left him. He asked himself whether he shouldn't revolt and go anyhow. At that he hesitated, the reasons not seeming altogether so pressing. An incident, also, threw the good project somewhat in the background.

Uncle Bill had got him to read a paper that morning. It was an order to ship, on one of the Saturday boats, a pile of building materials which the man had hauled to the wharf. *Swankey* had forgotten the job, was probably drinking, and could nowhere be found. With Mrs. Stooks's guarded permission Ned ran to the wharf in time, helped like a man to get on the stuff, and brought back the acknowledgment.

When the uncle came home in half-sober consternation about the forgotten shipment, he was thrown into great good humor at finding the order so safely and satisfactorily carried out. In a burst of generosity he slapped into the nephew's hand a silver dollar which, also, the *Missis* insisted that the boy should keep for himself. She was pleased feeling that things were turning to the furtherance of her designs.

Ned's happiness that night was a kind of reproach to him. The open, unchallenged possession of a whole dollar was novelly pleasant, and the way it was acquired—or earned—was also encouraging. But was not the intended confession—with what should follow it—rather easily passed over? And how about Peeny's prospective happiness in hearing that he had gone? However, he would surely go the next week; and for his poor sister—maybe he could do something that should please her.

He was with her Sunday afternoon. She looked much weaker, but was angelically cheerful and affectionate. Great shining eyes and sweetest smiles and lovingly kind words seemed to be the whole of his Peeny now. She was so glad he had managed to come that long distance; and he looked so fine; and he mustn't cry, even though he was happy, as she wiped away some big tears that the sight of her utter wornness forced him to shed. Then they had their brother-and-sister chit-chat, till Ned came to the dollar story.

"If you begin to earn like that, Neddy," the sister said sympathetically, but with some faint echo of melancholy, "you'll soon be a man."

"Oh, I didn't earn it," the boy replied shyly. "But what to do with it? I think you—"

She interrupted him quickly, thinking he might want to spend it on her.

"You have lots to do with it," she said. "See how many little things you'll want!"

"No, 'tisn't that," he answered; "but if you give it as an alms to that priest, won't he offer Mass for mother's soul?"

"Oh, Neddy!" she exclaimed, and she clasped her little thin hands. The glow on her face was like the sun through fleecy clouds. Her eyes grew moist.

"Well, Neddy," she continued, in her own maternal way, "you *are* the best boy—and here's the father coming!"

Actually a gleam of sunshine seemed to enter the ward with the good father. He came in laughing and joking with the nurses that accompanied him. There was the sweet ring in his voice that proclaimed his nationality, and it was indeed as sweetest music to many a weary sufferer. The heads were lifted from the pillows, and many a longing eye sought for a recognition from that benign face. Nor was there one disappointed.

He had a kind word, a smile or a merry joke on his lips as he passed—something to cheer and gladden each sufferer. There was no distinction of creed or color with him. They were all his children and God's children, and they were truly happy at the sight of their good father.

One old woman near the centre of the ward, who had been grumbling all day, sat up in her bed radiant with smiles to meet him.

"Well, you old sinner," he exclaimed, as soon as he came up to her, "are you here yet?"

"Yes, indeed, Father," she replied in the most amiable manner, not at all disturbed at the title he had given her; "and waiting for your Reverence's blessing."

The Chaplain stopped to say a word to his sick Philomena. He knew all about the orphan brother, too, and spoke kindly to him. Then Peeny, urged by Ned's looks, broached the sacred question. With the beautiful tact of gentle childhood she told how her brother had got a dollar for unusual work and wanted to know whether His Reverence would kindly take it and say Mass for their mother—adding pathetically: "She died about this time of the year."

The Chaplain of the Almshouse had seen and saw daily much that was sad and affecting, but he retained all his softness of heart and countenance. He had to bustle about to some of the neighboring cots, muttering, "O, sweet Mother! O, sweet Mother!" before he could answer the brother and sister. Then he said cheerily, though still in deep emotion, that he would gladly do as they wished and do it next morning. Ned was a man, he said, to be bringing the best help to his departed mother—though she mightn't need it, but if she didn't, some other souls did. And he would grow up a good and prosperous man if he continued to make real friends by getting people out of Purgatory into Heaven.

He gracefully took their poor dollar, making them happy by the gentlemanly importance he attached to the proceeding; and he never let them suspect that some pretty bouquets sent to Peeny that week, as well as a prayer-book left with her for Ned, were bought with their own alms. It wouldn't occur to them that the priest paid money for such things.

Ned's real fight came before his next visit.

"You won't forget," his sister said delicately at parting, "that Sunday is the last Sunday of your month?"

"No, Peeny, I'm minding that," was all he said, but he meant it.

Mrs. Stooks was minding it, too. Having set herself on breaking this boy of his Catholic customs, she kept on pertinaciously, Hal's opposition serving rather as an incentive. Through Ned's account she could discern that his sister was going fast. 'Twas the opportunity to get him securely under control. Without waiting for the end of the week, she began at once to hint that queer practices had to be dropped. Wouldn't he promise her—she'd make it worth his while—to be a boy like other boys and let confession and all that alone?

He startled her by the unboyishly categorical answer: "I'm sorry I let Saturday pass; I won't pass next Saturday."

"You won't?" she said grimly; "you'll go?"

"I have to," was Ned's firm answer.

"If you do, then, Master Edward," the woman replied bitingly, "you may go farther."

Ned thought he knew what that meant; he said nothing, but kept steadily to his purpose. It was a week of cold severity and ceaseless commands; yet he did not mind it; his thoughts were with Peeny and the dead mother whom he couldn't recall. Saturday afternoon and evening he got not a moment to himself. However, his last commission took him far up town. 'Twas already late, but he found a church open—as he knew he should—and he entered resolutely. There were people still around the confessionals; he took his place and waited his turn.

When he got back to Hal's establishment, all was closed except the barn door, which was left ajar for *Swankey's* convenience. Ned slipped in and, having climbed to the loft and said his prayers, lay down for his happily undisturbed repose.

In the morning he hurried away to the parish church. The fresh air, the fasting, and, perhaps, the riskful efforts he was making, exhilarated him strangely. He felt he could walk over the world and attempt anything. The mass and the Holy Communion were heavenly beyond all he had ever experienced; he came away full of sweetness and strength, ready to be submissive and happy even if the Stookses and his uncle should prove harshly angry.

Mrs. Stooks was on the look-out. As the boy was not around at breakfast time, she guessed what was going on. From her tart complainings that she couldn't be mistress in her own house, Hal had escaped by saying that she could, certainly could, and might do as she liked. That was what she wanted.

At the door she stopped the happy truant with the brief query :  
 " You went—did you ? "

" Oh, ma'am," Ned was beginning, with open, half-smiling face, when she curtly insisted :

" Did you go ? "

" Yes, ma'am," he frankly answered.

" Well, now, go to the Poorhouse and stay with your friends ! " she crushingly retorted, as she threw a bundle at his feet and closed the door.

Though one's only abode may not be a home, yet to be ruthlessly shut out of it induces a bleakly homeless feeling. The sudden expulsion shook poor Ned profoundly ; but he was quick to recover his faith and courage. There was some affection in his grasp of the bundle, for he knew that it contained the linen and small personal furnishings with which Peeny had always been careful to provide him. Taking the grim directions offered, he went straight to the Alms-house ; he had no idea where else to turn.

The doorkeeper's objection to admit a visitor at that early hour, and Ned's necessary insistence, caused some little commotion. As the Chaplain happened to be passing, he stopped to inquire the cause. He immediately recognized Peeny's brother and called him apart into the office. There he learned in substance what had happened.

" Oh, sweet Mother," he exclaimed, " and you are a homeless boy ? " And he laughed with an inimitable laugh whose joy was so contagious that it seemed to take all the bitterness out of the boy's hard lot, for he answered gaily, as if after all it were only a joke, " Yes, indeed, Father. But I suppose I could be worse."

" All right, my lad, never mind," he said, patting the boy on the shoulder. Then he added, as a thoughtful look came over his expressive countenance, " We will soon have a home for you and such as you, or I'm greatly mistaken. Come with me now for you must be hungry."

" But, Father, Peeny will be waiting for me."

" No," said the chaplain, " you cannot see your sister yet. I have just been giving her Holy Communion. She'll soon be—perfectly happy"—" with your mother," was the ending on his tongue, but he was not sure that the orphan brother could yet bear as much.

The heart of the chaplain's whole-souled housekeeper was gladdened that morning at sight of the hungry homeless boy that was brought to her for breakfast, and poor Ned was regaled in a fashion that had never fallen to his checkered lot before.

The good chaplain's interest did not cease here. He procured Ned a comfortable lodging for the moment with a good Catholic family.

Later on he expected to be able to provide for him in an institution that he had long cherished the hope of seeing established. Ned Slavin was only one of the many homeless boys who came under the notice of the chaplain of the Almshouse, and no one saw more clearly or felt more deeply the necessity of providing some kind of a shelter for this forsaken class.

The hopes of the ardent priest were not to be much longer left unsatisfied. To anticipate our story a little, in the fall of that same year a modest house was purchased for a beginning by the kind permission of the Archbishop. It was formally opened the following Christmas Day, and Ned Slavin became its first inmate. But to resume our narrative.

The dying girl was in a small room by herself. She had been let understand Ned's case before he was brought to see her. When he stood beside the bed, there was soft fire in her eyes, but hardly another sign of life. Such thinness and whiteness he had never imagined. Yet she began to speak freely and with full intelligence. She thought what had happened to him was all for the best. She was so glad he was able to suffer and suffer for such a reason! 'Tis now he'd be all right. The father would take him to a Home where he could work for himself, and yet learn, and also be as good as ever he liked! Then she thought of his prayer-book, and had to get it in her hands to give it to him.

Ned was little occupied with that, or even with his own future. How was she? Wouldn't she get well? Why weren't they curing her?

Oh! she would soon be well, she said, very well—in Heaven! The father told her that God would certainly accept her—though she had done so little. She was dying, she knew she was, and longed to die.

"You know, Neddy," she whispered weakly, but distinctly, while her transparent little hands brushed aside his tears and crept around his neck, "you know I couldn't fight my way in the world like you. So God is willing to take me now and have me with Him and His Blessed Mother—and our mother is there, too. I'm sure now that she is—and He'll give me all the rewards—the father says He will—as if I had worked for them as you are going to work."

Ned was too much over-awed to weep violently. His sobs were stifled where his face sank in the coverlet, inside the little skeleton arm.

"Good-bye, Neddy, my own good Neddy," he heard her breathing, as she began to doze, like the tired child she was.

They made him put his lips to hers, and then took him away. It was thought better not to let him stay there, nor to bring him back, for it might be some disturbance to his sister, who now needed but to die peacefully. Yet a more troublesome visitor appeared at Peeny's deathbed.

An ungovernable desire to find out whether Ned Slavin had gone to the Almshouse, and to see for herself how things were there, had taken hold on Mrs. Stooks. Hal thought the *Missis* needed her own way that afternoon, so he offered no opposition, and she came. She got up to the ward because the child she asked for was known to be dying, and she was allowed into the room merely for one look. But the girl heard or felt that some one was there and asked to see the visitor. She at once recognized Mrs. Stooks, and a glow of happiness or a wave of light passed over the angelic little face. She beckoned the woman nearer, beginning brokenly to thank her for minding Neddy so long—and wouldn't she do something to make Uncle Bill a good man?—he should be a Catholic—and 'twas so good to die a Catholic!

Mrs. Stooks was afterwards sure that she heard the child say :  
 " With God who is taking me, I'll pray for him and pray for you." Of herself she could only recount that she went there to ask and say many things, but that she fell all of a heap and could only repeat :  
 " God A'mighty ! God A'mighty !"

\* \* \* \* \*

The Home established by the good chaplain has been doing its work for ten years, and many a poor boy like Ned Slavin has found there a refuge and means of advancing himself in life.

But what of Ned Slavin in particular. You may see him any day, a fine Christian young man, holding a responsible and lucrative position in a large wholesale house on Market street, where he began life as an errand boy ; but he never forgot the true friend who took him by the hand in the hour of trial and provided him with what proved to be a home in the truest sense of the term.

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We desire to remind our friends that we can always find room in our Boys' Library for any entertaining books that may be donated for that purpose, and that we can never have too many such gifts.

## THEIR HAPPIEST DAY.

This world is all a fleeting show,  
For man's illusion given ;  
The smiles of joy, the tears of woe  
Deceptive shine, deceptive glow—  
There's nothing true but Heaven.



SO sang the Poet of Ireland, whose Catholic instinct, whatever may have been the failings of his later days, inspired the sweetest utterances of his youth. To every Catholic, at some time or other, there comes the realization of the truth ; for whether our lot be of laughter or tears, whether failure or success may have crowned our efforts, looking back through the vicissitudes of years, we must say, with the great Napoleon, that the happiest day of our lives was the day of our First Communion. On that day, in the innocent fervor of youth, we have a foretaste of Heaven ; for does not the King of Heaven come to us in the Sacramental veils ? And in later life, whether the years have worked us weal or woe, looking back in the sober retrospect of maturity and realizing again in fancy the spiritual transports of that First Communion day, we must perforce admit : "There's nothing true but Heaven."

As of Napoleon, so of all Catholics—the sweetest experience of life is this First Communion. May the memories of that great event sweeten and comfort to venerable and honorable age the lives of our boys, who, on Sunday, June 17th, received the Bread of Life for the first time in the beautiful Chapel of St. Joseph's House ! It was a memorable day for those privileged to approach the Holy Tables. Twenty-four boys received the Lord of Life from the hand of Rev. Joseph Maguire, of Washington, D. C., with every token of edifying fervor and pious appreciation of their so signal blessing. By their recollection and devotion they showed that they were fully conscious of the august dignity conferred upon them. The solemnity of the occasion had been duly impressed upon them by a preparatory retreat of three days.

Father Maguire, whom His Eminence Cardinal Gibbons has appointed Chaplain of the various charitable and reformatory institutions of Washington, showed his deep interest in the beneficent work and methods of St. Joseph's House by coming from Washington,

specially to conduct this First Communion retreat for the boys, and fittingly brought his mission to a close by celebrating the Mass at which they received. The scene in the Chapel of the Home that memorable morning will live long with all who witnessed it. For even as the streets of Jerusalem were strewn with palms and garlands to give worthy welcome to the Saviour who entered the holy city that Sabbath morning long ago, so our Chapel was decked for the triumphal entry of the same Christ and Saviour. Beautiful plants and fragrant flowers gave Him homage of glistening color and sweetest incense, while the fresh young voices of the boys, raised in jubilee of song, recalled the shouts of the people of Jerusalem: "Blessed is He that cometh in the name of the Lord, Hosanna in the Highest!" In Commemoration of their own First Communion the other inmates of the House also approached the Holy Table.

The solemn ceremony of renewing their baptismal vows took place in the evening, followed by the reception of the First Communicants of last year into the Sodality of the Blessed Virgin, by the reverend director. Father Maguire again delivered an appropriate and touching sermon and the happy day was crowned at its close by the blessing of our Lord given in Benediction of the Most Blessed Sacrament.

It was truly for our First Communicants a season of grace. The seed sown during those days found acceptable soil in the sweet innocence of their young souls—seed which, we trust, will bear rich harvest of noble lives fruitful in good works, and blossom for them in the perfect fruition of Eternal Life!

### ST. ANTHONY'S BREAD.



THE pleasure of doing charity is one of the highest privileges and sweetest joys of wealth. To do charity, however, ostentatiously or obtrusively—to give in public for public applause, without any thought of the divine motive that inspires and consecrates the gift—the giving for Christ's sake as a manifestation of that love which He commanded us to bear one for the other—far from meriting for, rather detracts from the reward of the giver.

The widow's mite, dropped quietly with retiring humility in the treasury of the Lord was more acceptable to our Blessed Master than the pompous display of the Publican or Pharisee making vain show of wealth before the people.

Therefore is it that St. Anthony's Bread has become so popular a devotion, for when we adopt this truly laudable and pathetic method of giving to God's poor, the right hand verily knows not what the left hand doth. To feed the hungry is a precept of divine injunction. To do it voluntarily or out of gratitude for gifts or graces received is surely a deed rich in merit, inasmuch as the Lord loveth a cheerful giver. To minister to the touching physical needs of our brethern in the guise of St. Anthony's bread is at once a beautiful and pathetic display of faith and a commendable manifestation of that Christian gratitude that not only absolves the beneficiary of any obligation to his benefactor, but disposes that benefactor to a still greater conferring of favors. Giving to God's poor is giving to God, but the poor—His favorable representatives—we have always with us. Giving in the guise of Saint Anthony's Bread has also another commendable feature. It spares the recipient, the humiliation and shame that too often accompany a more lavish, and open display of charity. Here the gifts of charity are dispensed incognito. Benefactor and beneficiary are not embarrassed by personal contact and possibly mutual recognition. In this humble but beautiful way we have been enabled, in the name and under the patronage of Saint Anthony, to bring joy into many a suffering life, and relieve many cases of urgent want,

The money we receive for St. Anthony's Bread is used to relieve the most destitute and deserving cases that we cannot receive into the institution. We are sure that the prayers of those so assisted in their need will call down from Heaven rich blessings, and a continued manifestation of divine graciousness on the generous benefactors of the poor, who so pathetically need the remembrance and sympathy of their more favored brethren.

Truly has the devotion been blessed throughout the Christian world, and its growing popularity is eloquent testimony to the graces and blessings conferred upon its devotees. May it flourish with the years, relieving the wants of the destitute and poor, and by doing violence to Heaven, constituting the Sacred Heart through the intercession of Saint Anthony, a thesaurus of inexhaustible graces for the Christian Church.

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We desire to warmly thank the following benefactors who have shown particular and constant kindness to our boys :

Dr. Lawrence Flick, 736 Pine Street.

Pennsylvania Hospital.

Dr. Wm. I. Pancoast, 1611 N. 13th Street.

The many friends who supplied us with food and clothing for the relief of cases of destitution coming under our notice.

## OURSELVES AS OTHERS SEE US.

The following extract from the *Catholic Standard and Times* of September 1st., will no doubt form interesting reading to our many friends.

### LUCKY BOYS!

day at Sea Isle City with the Inmates of St. Joseph's House.

#### NOBLE INSTITUTION'S WORK.

A Recent Innovation that widens its scope of usefulness.

"'All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy.' So thinks the Rev. D. J. Fitzgibbon, C.S.Sp., and he ought to know, for he has under his charge at St. Joseph's House for Industrious Homeless Boys, 727-733 Pine street, as vivacious a lot of lads as can be found in Philadelphia. That honest work should have its reward is a maxim practically inculcated at the home, for during the summer months when the educational features of the establishment are temporarily suspended, the boys are given many opportunities for healthy and innocent enjoyment through the munificence of the kind patrons of the home. There have been picnics and outings galore this year, many of the boys even having the advantage of spending some weeks at the seaside and in the country. But of all the season's pleasure, that of last Sunday was unanimously voted to have been the most enjoyable, for all the inmates of the home, boys and teachers, were given an excursion to Sea Isle City. Many an expectant lad was awake the previous night in eager anticipation of the treat, so that when the morning bell summoned them at 5 o'clock there was a hasty exodus from the dormitories to the chapel, where Mass was said. Breakfast followed, and at 7 o'clock a delighted crowd of youngsters rolled out of the Reading Station at Camden, en route to the shore.

\* \* \* \* \*

The boys domiciled at St. Joseph's Home are exceptionally favored of a kind Providence. Like so many brands plucked from the burning, they have been rescued from the perils and temptation that beset homeless boys in a great city, and placed in charge of friends solicitous not less for their temporal than for their spiritual welfare. They enjoy, amid refined and healthy surroundings, under the tuition of expert teachers, all the advantages of a good business education. All the boys who work by day have night school for an hour and a half every evening. Those who are too young to work have regular school all day. That they appreciate their opportunities is shown by their zest in study, last year's results being remarkable. An innovation in the work of the home was the introduction last year by Father Fitzgibbon of a curriculum of higher studies for a limited class of boys, who display marked talent and excellent character. This is a great boon to the home, as such boys may supply priests, specially qualified by bent and experience, to labor successfully in their chosen field later on. Much is expected of such a class and that the hopes of the fathers in charge are not vain is amply shown by the results of last year's experiment. This is a noble work, and should command the sympathy and support of every one who has at heart the interests of our homeless boys. The class had only seven members at its inception, but encouraged by the results which surpassed the expectations of the most sanguine, Father Fitzgibbon has decided to add this year ten more of the most deserving boys to the class. The first year's course for this special class consists of a thorough business education, after which, if results are satisfactory the more promising and industrious will be privileged to undertake the higher classical studies. Thus will St. Joseph's Home become in time, with God's blessing, a nursing seminary of divine beneficence and sacerdotal devotion to the interests of the homeless boys not only of Philadelphia, but of other of our great cities so much in need of so truly Christ-like an apostolate. Thus, too, will be realized in America the gigantic work which the great and saintly Dom Bosco started for the salvation of the youth of Europe."

Do we accept clothing well worn but useful and such as will fit men and boys?

We have to inform all charitably disposed persons that we will gladly accept all such gifts for the use of the boys here, and of others that may present themselves for assistance.

### SPECIAL TO OUR SOLICITORS.



Presented to our solicitors last year as a token of our gratitude for their services, a medallion picture of the Saviour. This year we have felt that nothing could be more appropriate as a gift than the portrait of Her who is the mother of Christ and our mother also.

For this purpose we have selected what all will acknowledge to be a most beautiful and devotional painting, which in its artistic merit cannot fail to appeal to our highest and holiest impulses.

To secure this most desirable gift it will be necessary to fill two association books or procure forty members.

To those however who cannot for various reasons, do so much for our poor boys, we reserve a large steel engraving of "Christ in the Temple," in testimony of their zeal and charity.

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### WORTHY OF NOTICE.

"Grows the boy a man in Christian training  
Then a glory's won that knows no waning."



Again bring before our readers a suggestion which we made some years ago, but which will bear constant repetition.

It is that those who can afford it should help to a more advanced education, such boys in our institution as show superior talent and marked good will.

There are numerous educational advantages for boys who have parents and family interest to fall back upon. The friendless boy has neither, and the institution with hundreds like him to be cared for cannot always give each the opportunities he needs. Some one else must come forward to give a helping hand.

Are there not men and women willing to assist in such a meritorious undertaking? A gift of \$100 a year can procure a special education for a deserving boy.

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### Donation Day.

All donations will be gratefully received on our "Donation Day"—Feast of St. Joseph, March 19th. Articles of food, clothing, etc., will be most welcome, but, as can be readily supposed, money will be the most useful and acceptable gift.

## How to Become a Solicitor of St. Joseph's Association.

Any person who secures twenty subscribers to our Association, or fills one book, becomes a Solicitor, and is entitled to all the benefits attached to that office. The daily Mass of the Rev. Directors is for the Solicitors, and on the first Friday of every month a Mass is specially offered up in honor of the Sacred Heart for their intentions; we earnestly recommend to each one the monthly Communion on this day, and ask a memento for the success of our work.

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## How to Become a Member.

Any one making an offering of 25 cents a year toward the support of our boys becomes a member of our Association, and will receive a card of membership and a copy of our paper, ST. JOSEPH'S MESSENGER.

Solicitors will kindly notify us regarding the number of copies of ST. JOSEPH'S MESSENGER required for subscribers. We shall be saved great expense in postage, if those who can conveniently do so, will call in person to receive these MESSENGERS.

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## Spiritual Benefits.

Besides the prayers of these boys at all their exercises, and the daily Mass of the Rev. Father Director for the Solicitors, there will be FIFTEEN HUNDRED additional Masses celebrated during the year for all the members of our Association. All of these benefits are applicable to the souls in Purgatory, and will be offered for those deceased friends in whose name the yearly subscription is given, and for whom special Mass will be celebrated on the last Friday of every month.

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## Novenas.

As a preparation for the principal feasts we will have Novenas for Masses closing as follows:

- 1.—Ending on the Feast of St. Joseph.
- 2.—Ending on the Feast of St. Anthony.
- 3.—Ending on the Feast of the Sacred Heart.
- 4.—Ending on the Feast of the Assumption of our Blessed Lady.
- 5.—Ending on All Souls' Day.
- 6.—Ending on Christmas Day.

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## St. Joseph's Cord.

Besides the foregoing benefits, we have, by special privilege of the Holy See, the faculty of blessing and giving the Cord of St. Joseph with all the special indulgence attached thereto.

The members of the Association wearing the Cord are requested to say daily for the success of our work an Our Father, Hail Mary and Glory, with the ejaculation, "St. Joseph our Patron, pray for us."

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## Bequests.

Those desirous of benefiting our institution by bequest, should carefully copy its proper title, "St. Joseph's House of Homeless Industrious Boys," Pine Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

Anyone who, by large donation, helps our good work will share, as long as our Association exists, in all the spiritual benefits it bestows.

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## How to Send Money.

The best way to send money is by registered letter, Post Office Order or draft, made payable to REV. D. J. FITZGIBBON, C. S. Sp.,

P. O. Box 1214.

727 Pine St., Philadelphia, Pa.

We beg all Solicitors to put their names on their books, whether sending them by mail or by messenger, or when making the return in person, and to inform us of any change of residence, lest we may continue forwarding communications to the old as well as the new address.

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